



Outside of Things

A Sky Book

Verses by Alice Ward Bailey—
Pictures by Annita Lyman-Paine—



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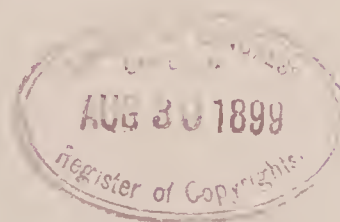
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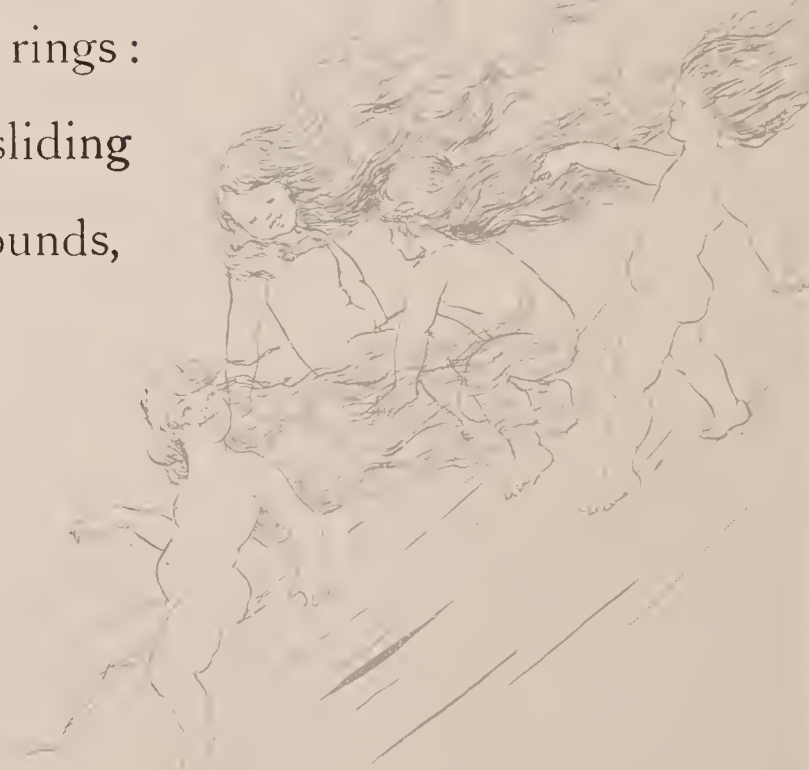
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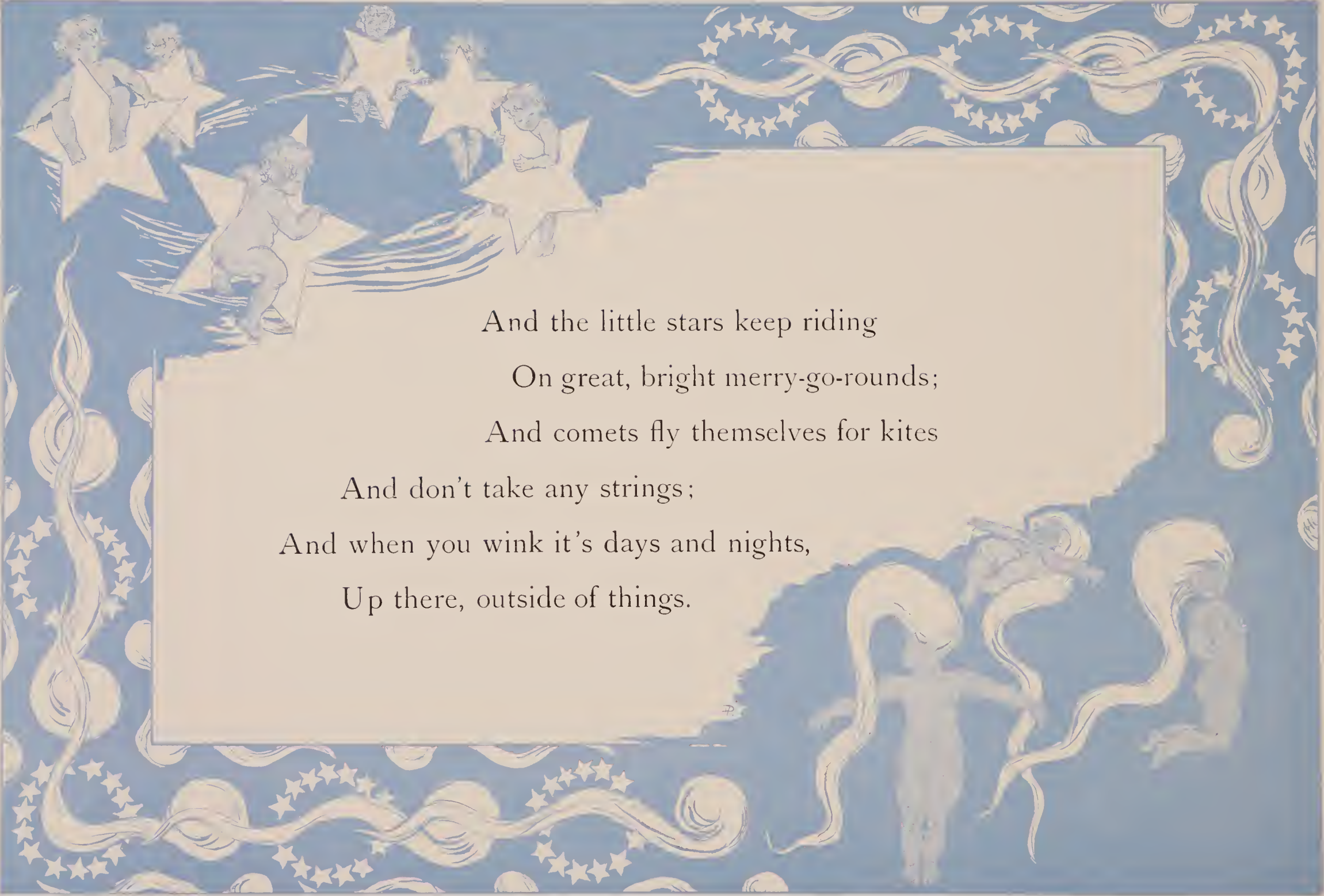
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Outside of Things



LET'S you and I together
Go up, outside of things,
And see the Sun make weather
And put on spots and rings :
While all the winds come sliding
To play at hare-and-hounds,





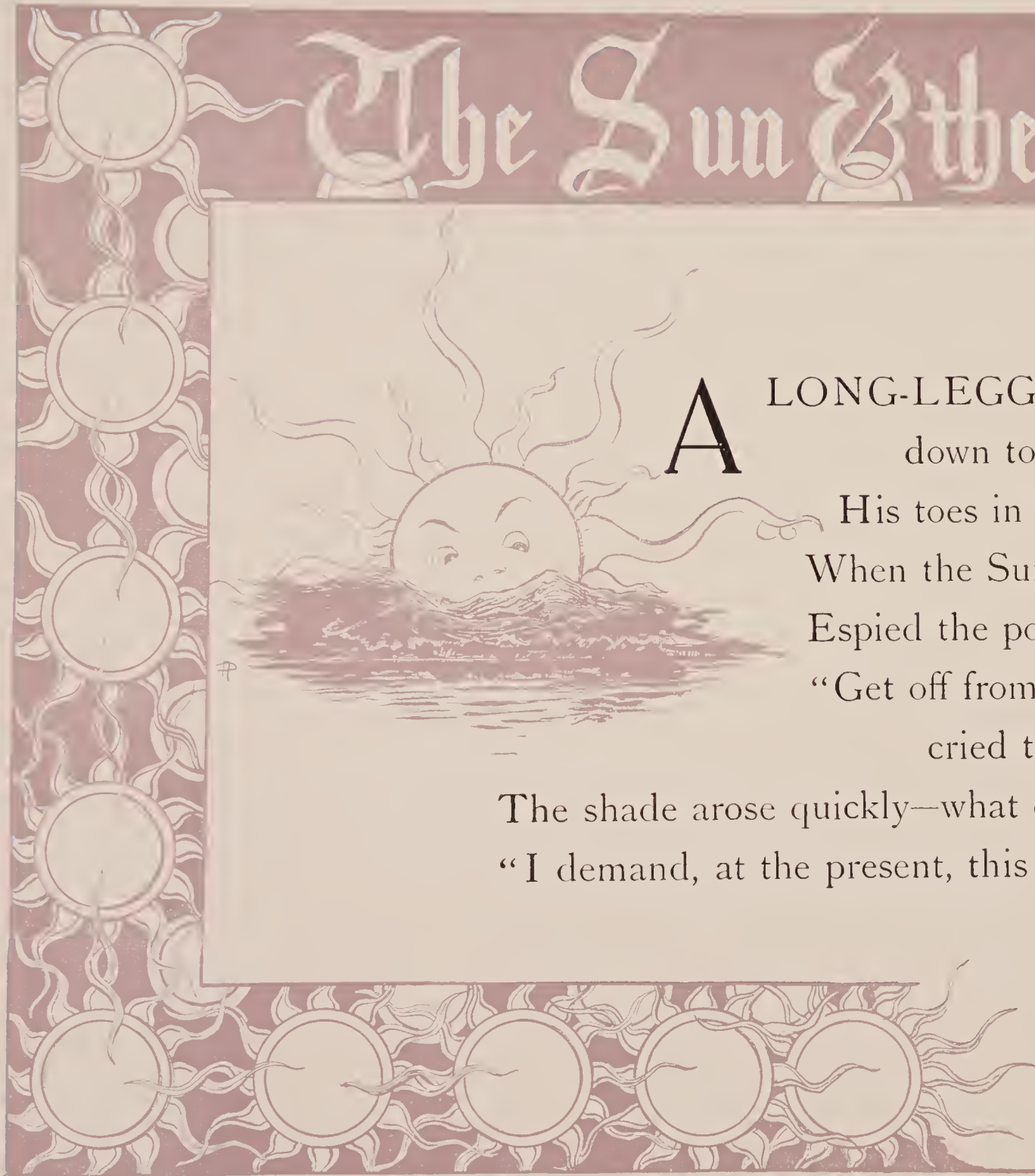
And the little stars keep riding
On great, bright merry-go-rounds;
And comets fly themselves for kites
And don't take any strings;
And when you wink it's days and nights,
Up there, outside of things.

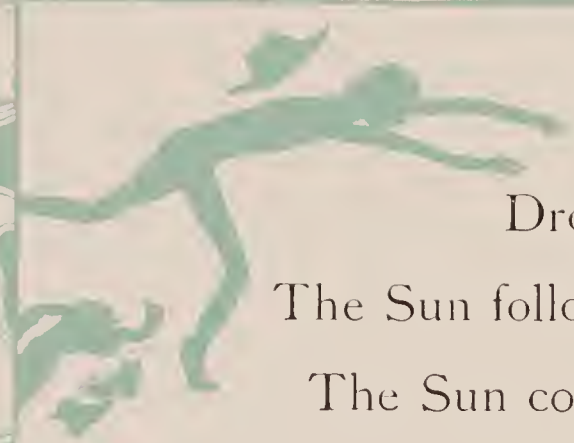
The Sun & the Shadow



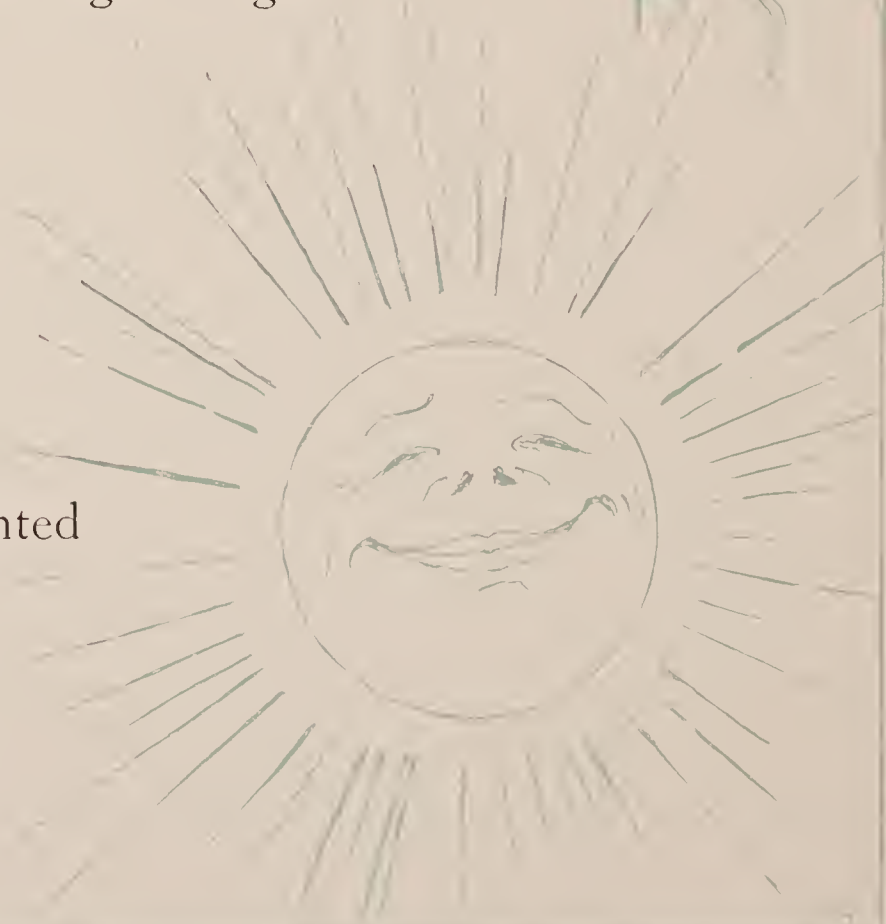
A LONG-LEGGED shadow had lain
down to rest,
His toes in the East and his head in the West,
When the Sun came up grandly and, gazing around,
Espied the poor creature, below, on the ground.
“Get off from the face of my earth!”
cried the Sun.

The shade arose quickly—what else could be done?
“I demand, at the present, this whole hemisphere!”

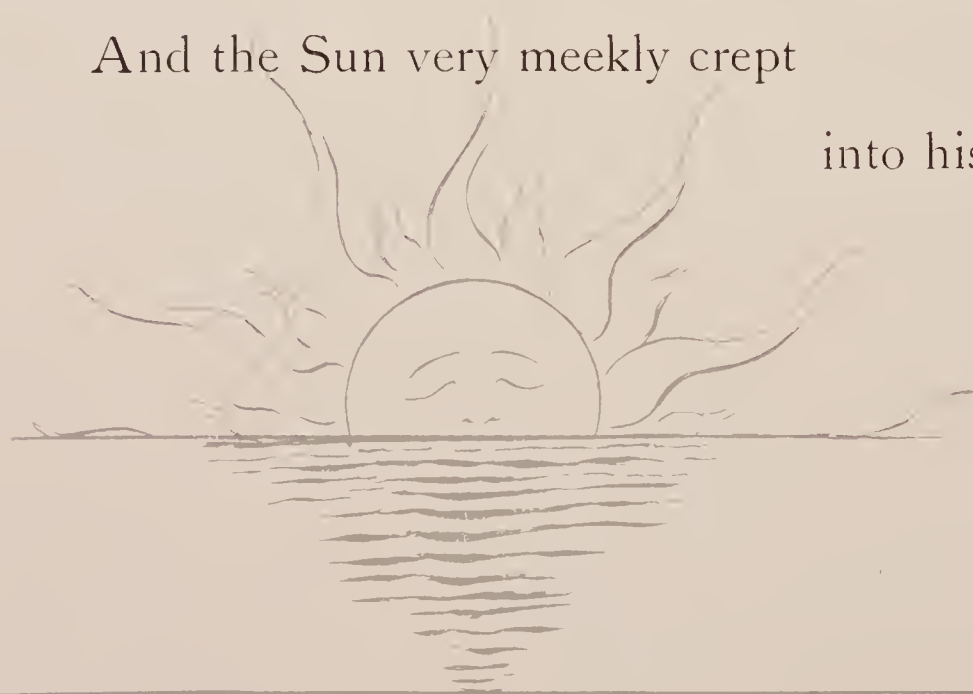
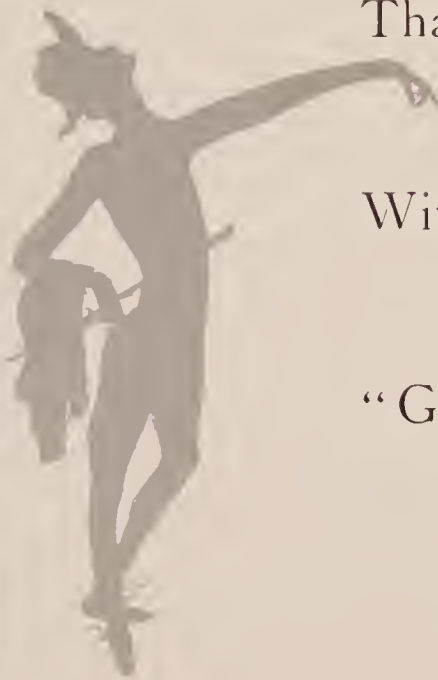




Said the Sun, and the shadow, bewildered by fear,
Dropped his hat, coat and shoes and fled like a sprite.
The Sun followed nimbly. From morning till night
The Sun coursed the shadow, that
ever grew thinner ;
He was nothing at all when folks sat down
to dinner.
“So ends every shadow!” the victor recited
And marched off in triumph, completely delighted

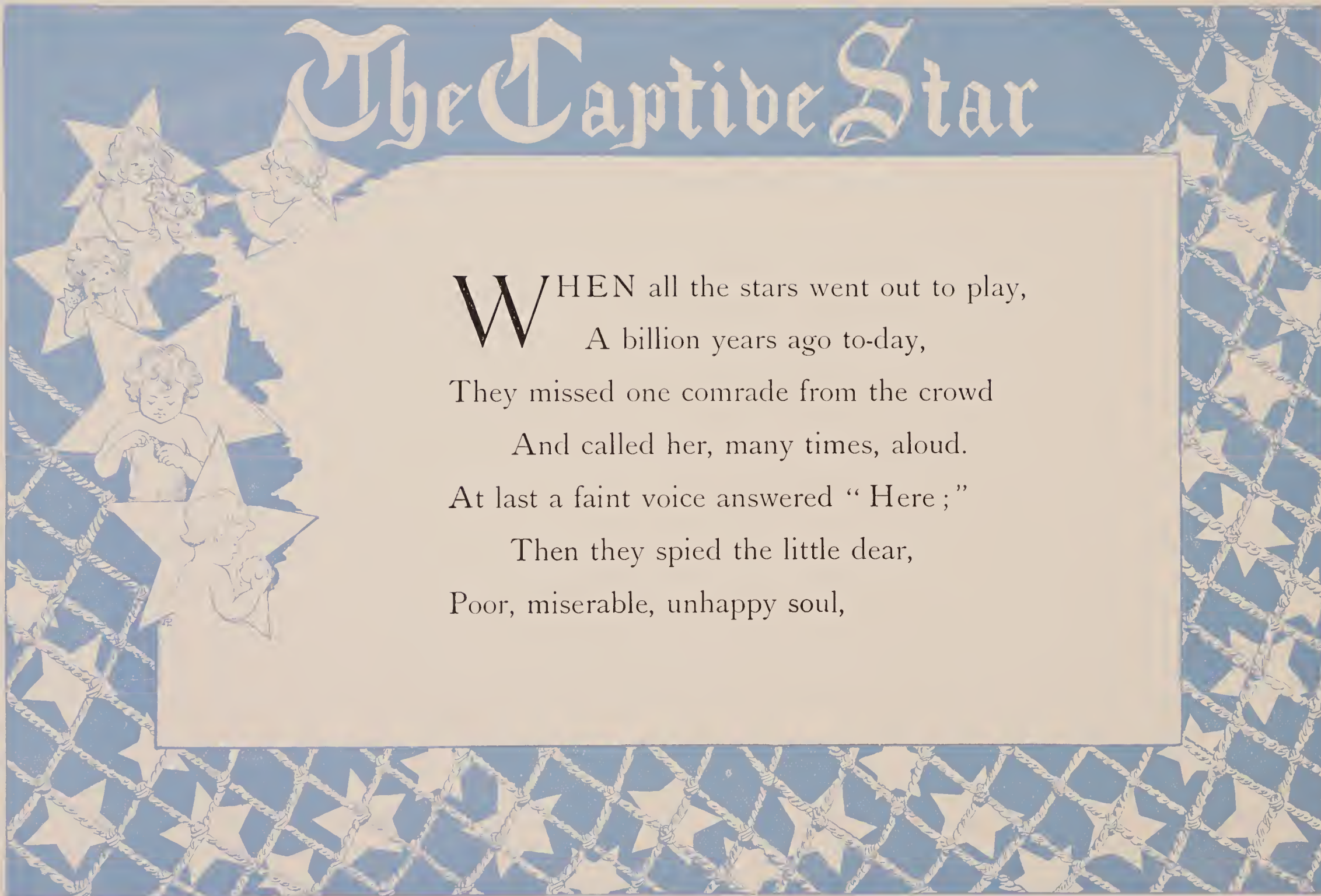
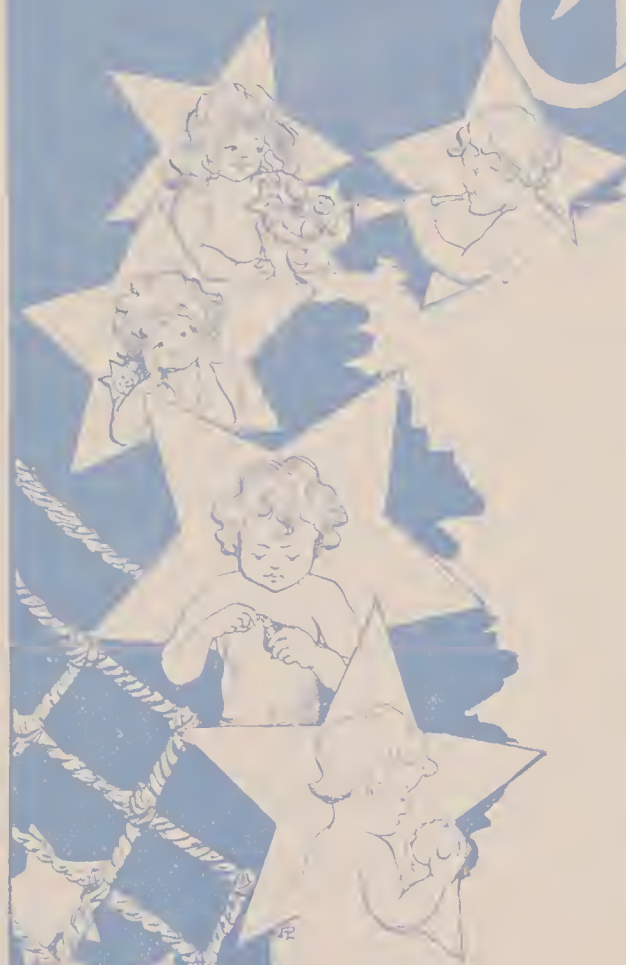


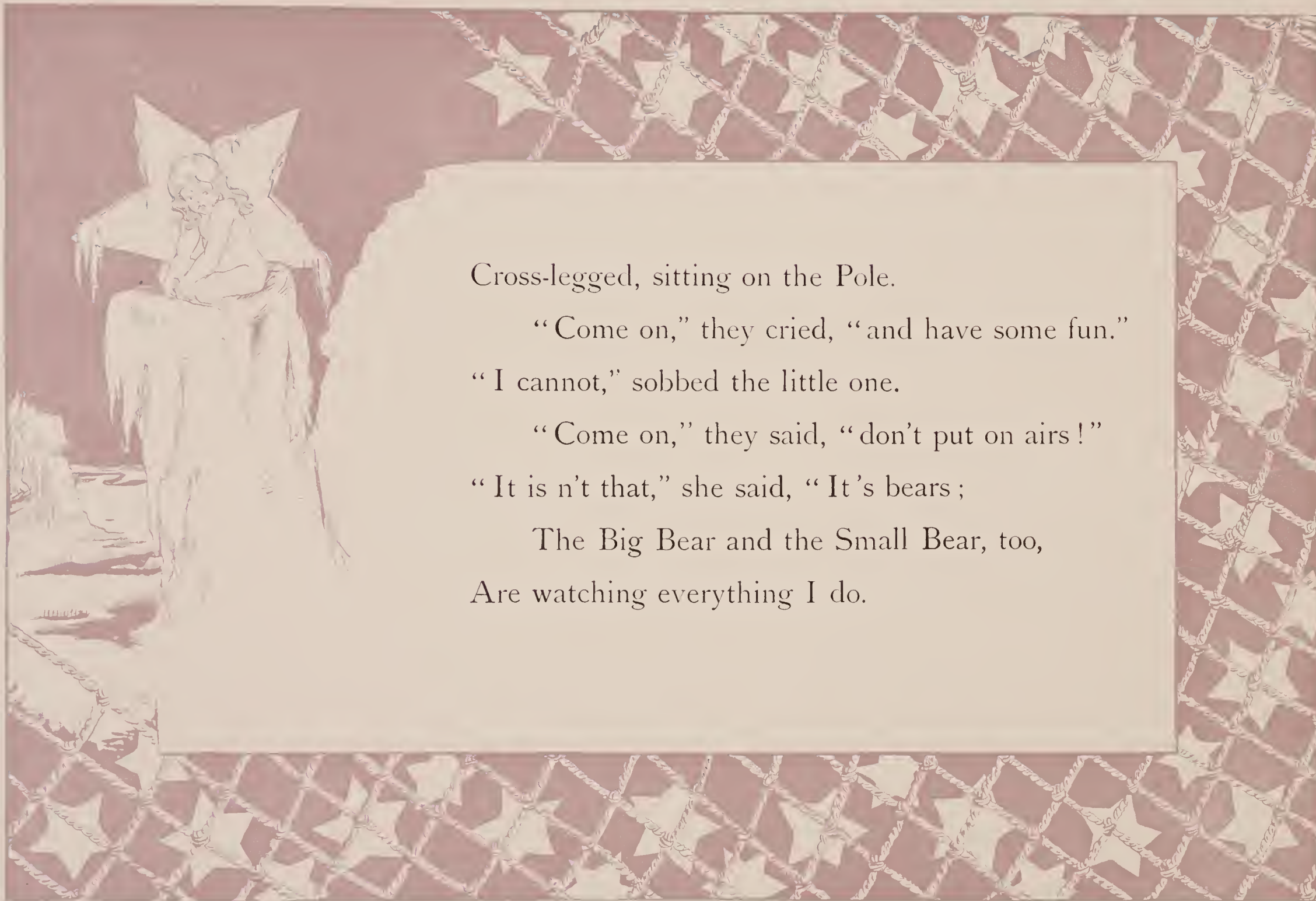
That matters were now arranged so to his mind ;
When that impudent shadow came up, close behind,
With his hat and his coat and all of his things
Through-out, even down to his lengthy shoe-strings.
“Get off from the face of my earth!” then he said ;
And the Sun very meekly crept
into his bed.



The Captive Star

WHEN all the stars went out to play,
A billion years ago to-day,
They missed one comrade from the crowd
And called her, many times, aloud.
At last a faint voice answered "Here ;"
Then they spied the little dear,
Poor, miserable, unhappy soul,





Cross-legged, sitting on the Pole.

“Come on,” they cried, “and have some fun.”

“I cannot,” sobbed the little one.

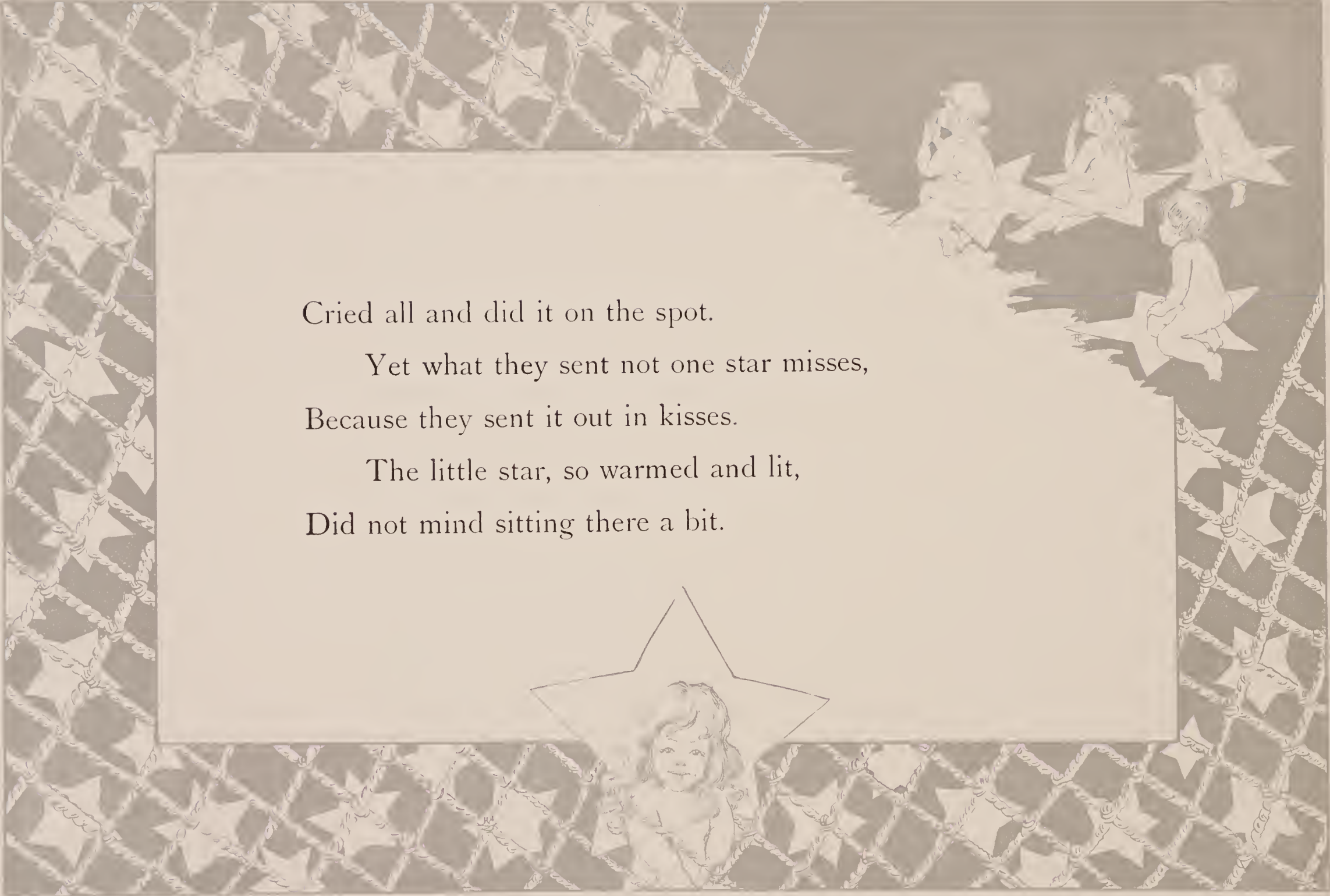
“Come on,” they said, “don’t put on airs !”

“It is n’t that,” she said, “It’s bears ;

The Big Bear and the Small Bear, too,
Are watching everything I do.

They've pulled away my hat and slippers
And made them Big and Little Dippers,
And when I'd run off quietly
They throw cold water over me.
I'm frozen down here, just as tight,
And soon I shall be out of light."
"O no, we'll send you up a lot,"



The illustration features a large, rectangular white area in the center containing text. This area is framed by a net-like structure made of thick, dark ropes. Behind the net, several children are sitting on large, five-pointed stars. The children are depicted in a simple, sketchy style. The background is a dark, solid color. The overall scene suggests a magical or dreamlike setting where children are interacting with stars.

Cried all and did it on the spot.

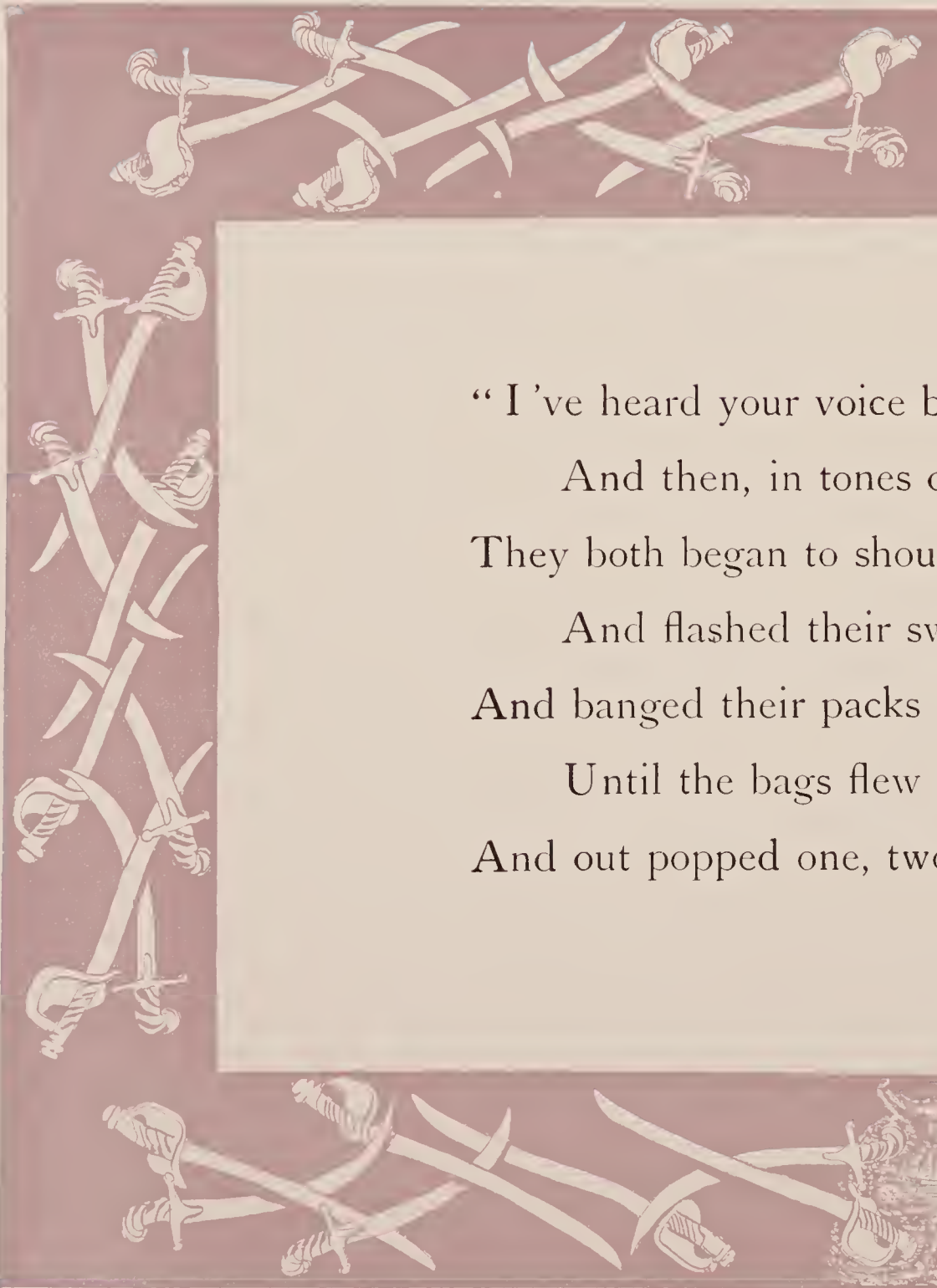
Yet what they sent not one star misses,
Because they sent it out in kisses.

The little star, so warmed and lit,
Did not mind sitting there a bit.

The East Wind & the West Wind

THE East Wind met the West Wind,
Each carrying a pack,
And each called to the other,
“What have you on your back?”
“Stand and deliver!”
Cried the West Wind with a roar.
“Don’t talk so loud!” said East Wind,



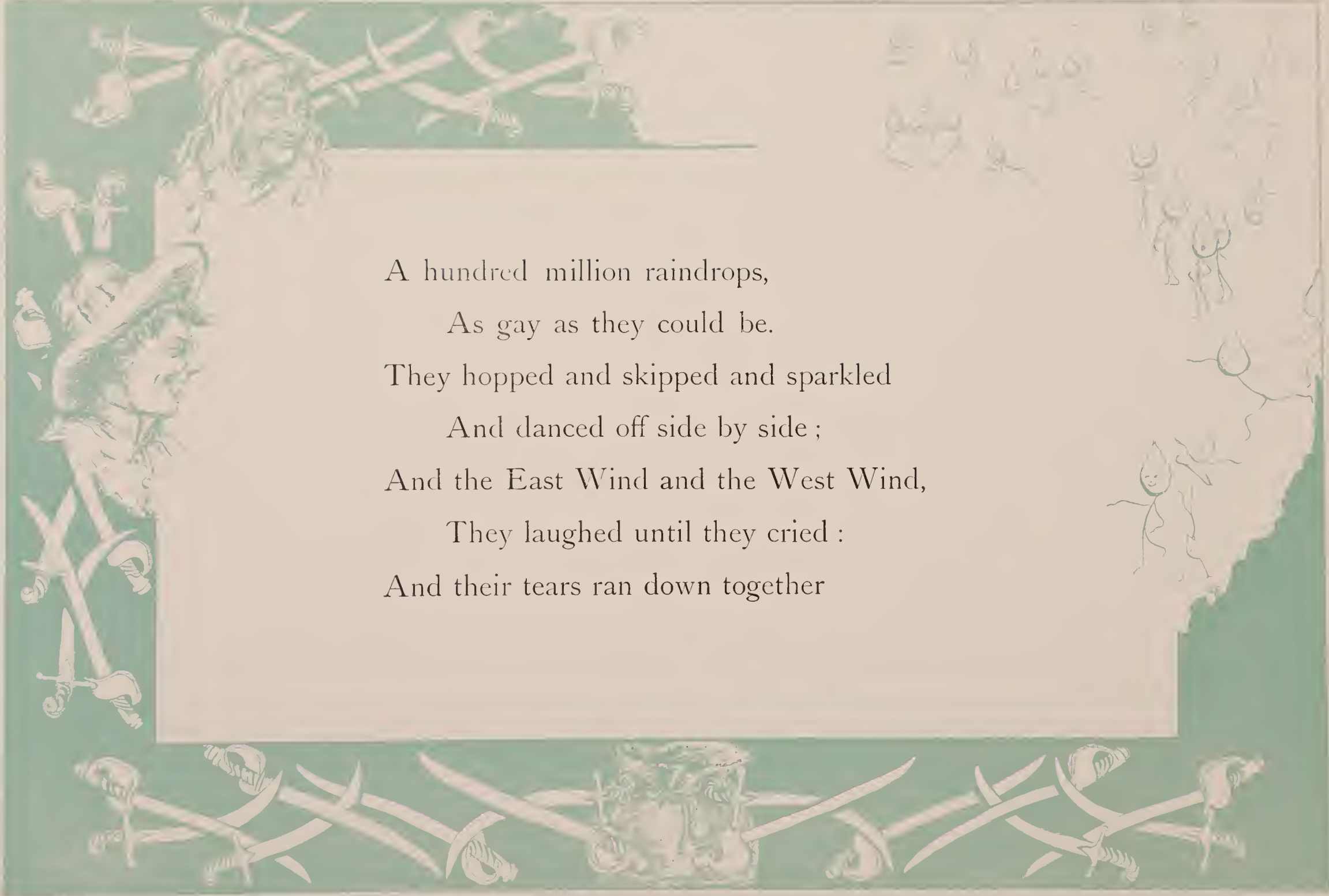
A decorative border on the left side of the page, consisting of a vertical arrangement of crossed swords. The blades are light-colored, and the hilts are dark with intricate details. The swords are arranged in a repeating pattern, with some blades pointing upwards and others downwards.

“I’ve heard your voice before.”

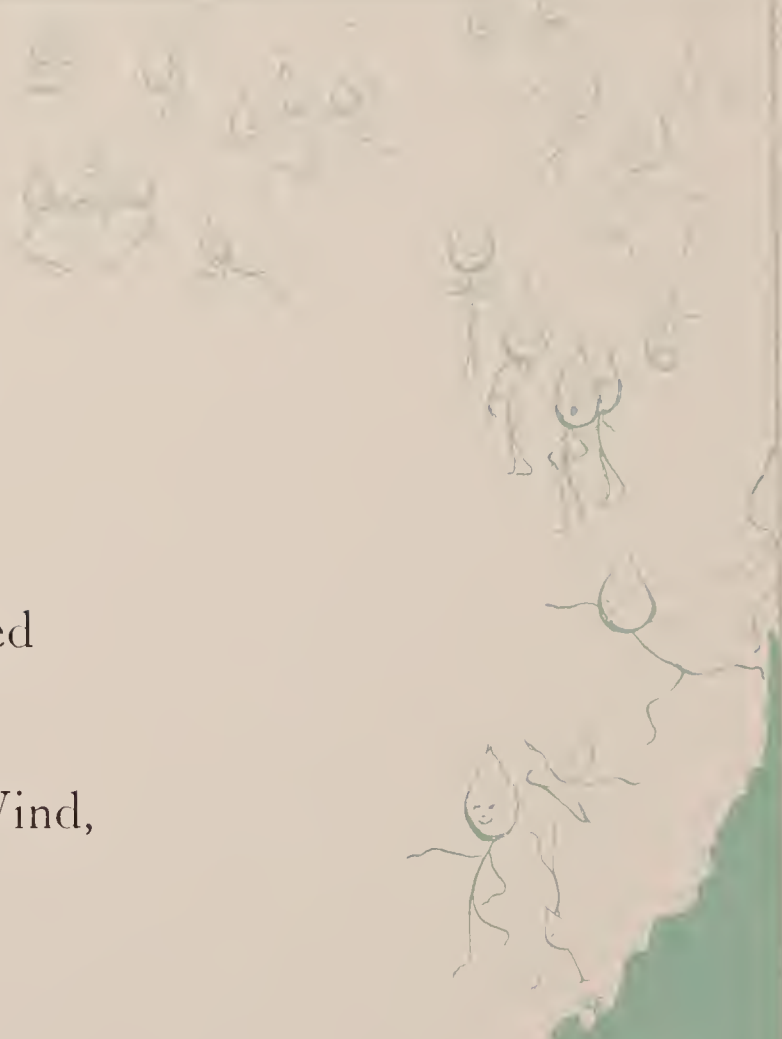
And then, in tones of thunder,
They both began to shout ;

And flashed their swords, like ✂ and ✂ ;
And banged their packs about,
Until the bags flew open
And out popped one, two, three,





A hundred million raindrops,
As gay as they could be.
They hopped and skipped and sparkled
And danced off side by side ;
And the East Wind and the West Wind,
They laughed until they cried :
And their tears ran down together





And turned to raindrops too—
Which, after all is said and done,
Is the best thing tears can do.
So there was n't any quarrel,
For there was n't any pack ;
And the East Wind and the West Wind,
They—tiptoed—back!



The Moon-Boat



WHEN the man in the moon goes fishing,
With long lines and hooks,

His little boat is empty ;

This is how it looks.

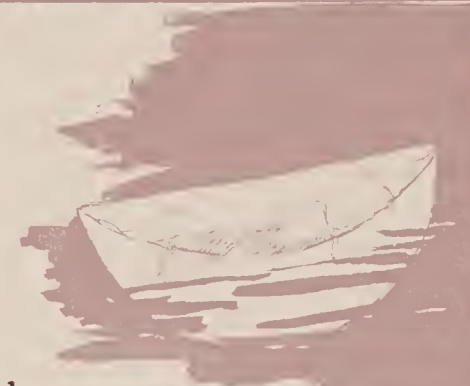
When he has fished a night or two

And packed his load down flat,

The little boat is even full ;
Then it looks like that.

And when he has been out for weeks
And has n't made a miss,

The little boat is piled up high ;
And then it looks like this.



The North Wind & the South Wind

THE North Wind plays the bag-pipe,
On chilly winter nights ;
The clouds all get together
And have great pillow fights.
The air is white with feathers,
And some fall down below ;
They fall so far and get so cold



That by-and-by they're snow.

The North Wind plays up louder
And calls out "Get to work!

Bring down my biggest bellows!
To prison if you shirk!"

The North-boys come by hundreds,
Great, big, strapping fellows,





And pile up miles and miles of snow,
And do it all with bellows.
But when the North Wind stops his tune
And turns and goes away,
The South Wind comes up with his flute
And he begins to play.
He plays the sweetest music,

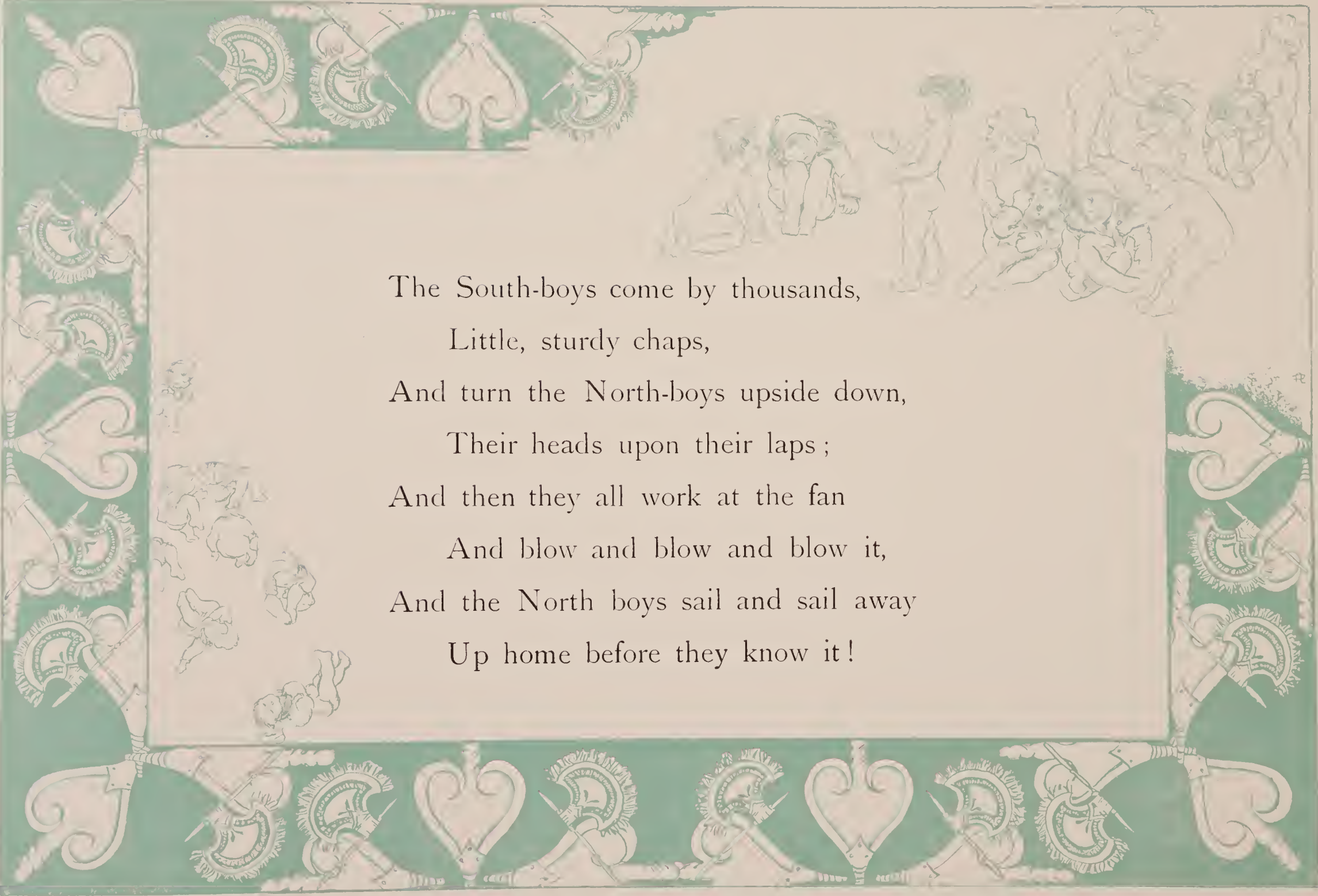
So gentle, soft and low,

It puts the North-boys all to sleep
And melts up all the snow.

He whispers to the South-boys,
“Come quick now as you can ;

Don't make a single bit of noise,
And bring my biggest fan !”





The South-boys come by thousands,
Little, sturdy chaps,
And turn the North-boys upside down,
Their heads upon their laps ;
And then they all work at the fan
And blow and blow and blow it,
And the North boys sail and sail away
Up home before they know it !

Aurora Borealis



THERE is a girl who lives up north—
Aurora Borealis—

Beside the Open Polar Sea,

In a fine old iceberg palace.

But out of doors she plays so much,

Beside that Polar Sea,

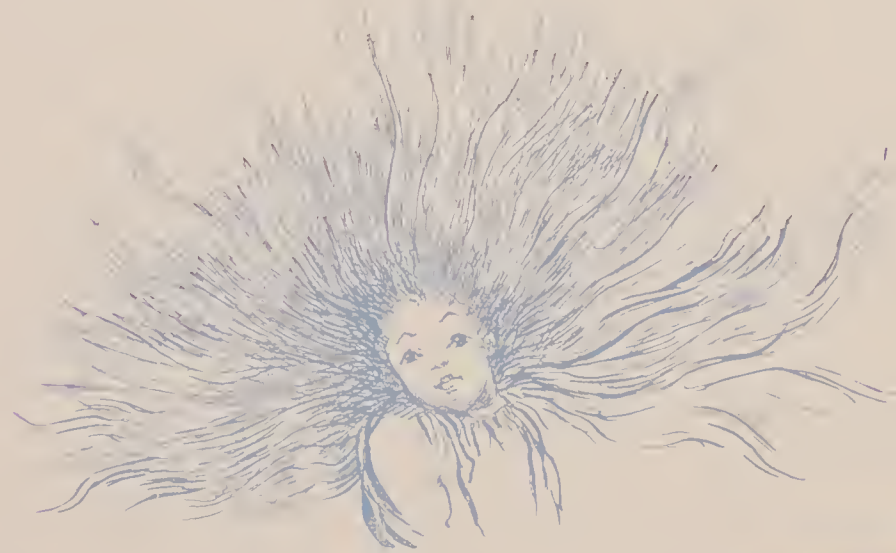
Her long bright hair is always full
Of electricity :

And when she brushes it at seven—

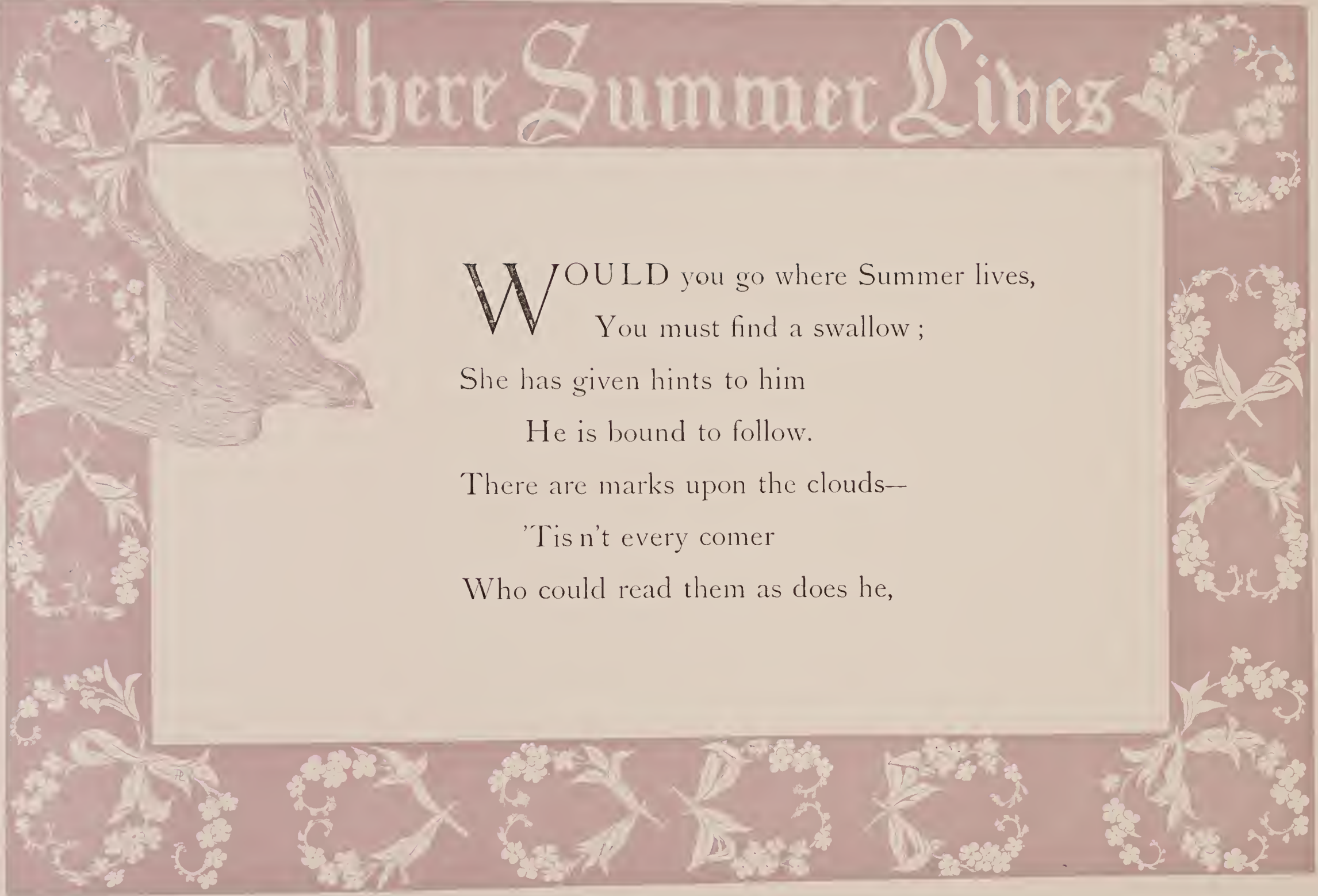
She goes to bed at eight—

She finds sometimes she can't lie down

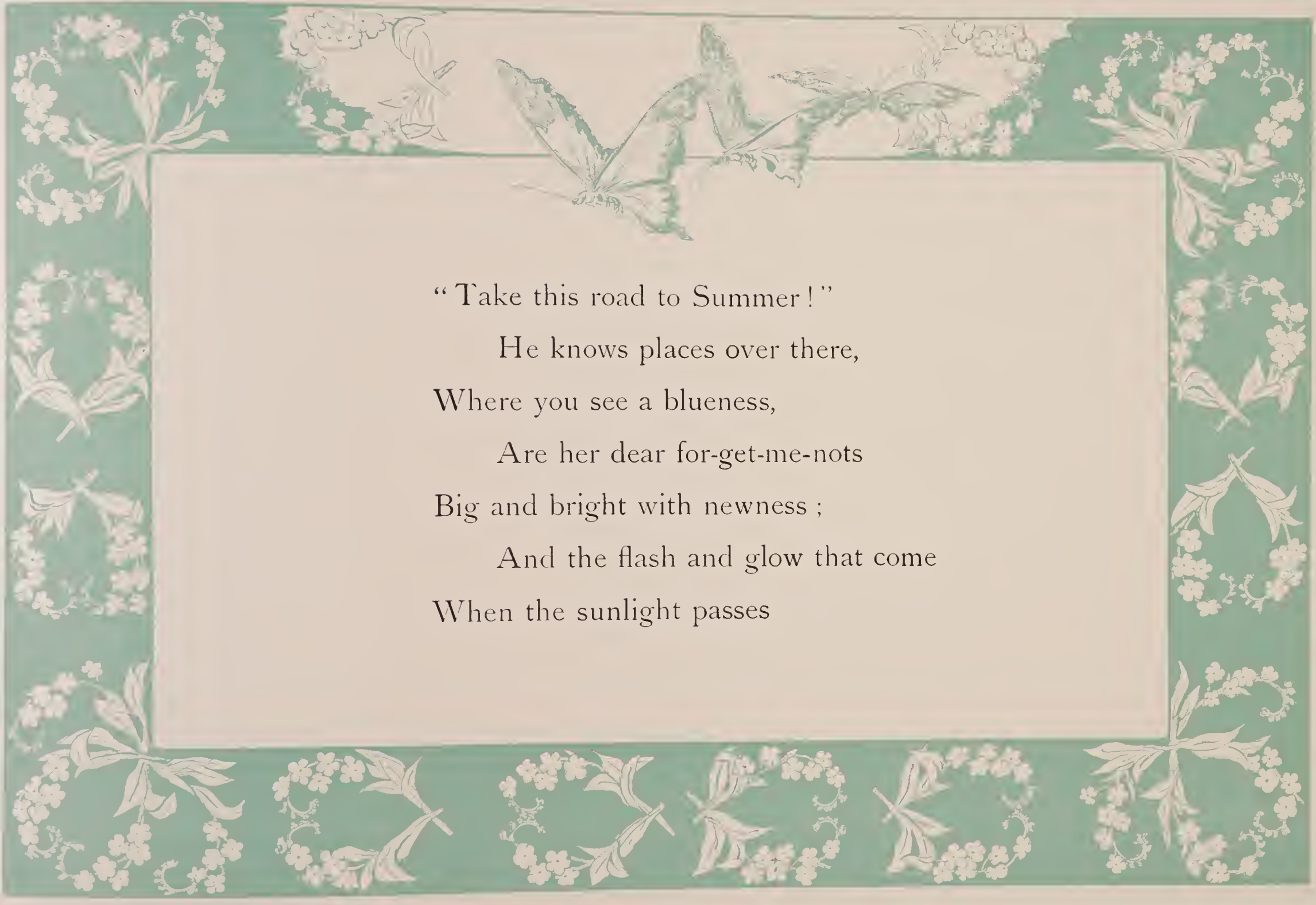
Her hair stands up so straight !



Where Summer Lives



WOULD you go where Summer lives,
You must find a swallow ;
She has given hints to him
He is bound to follow.
There are marks upon the clouds—
'Tis n't every comer
Who could read them as does he,

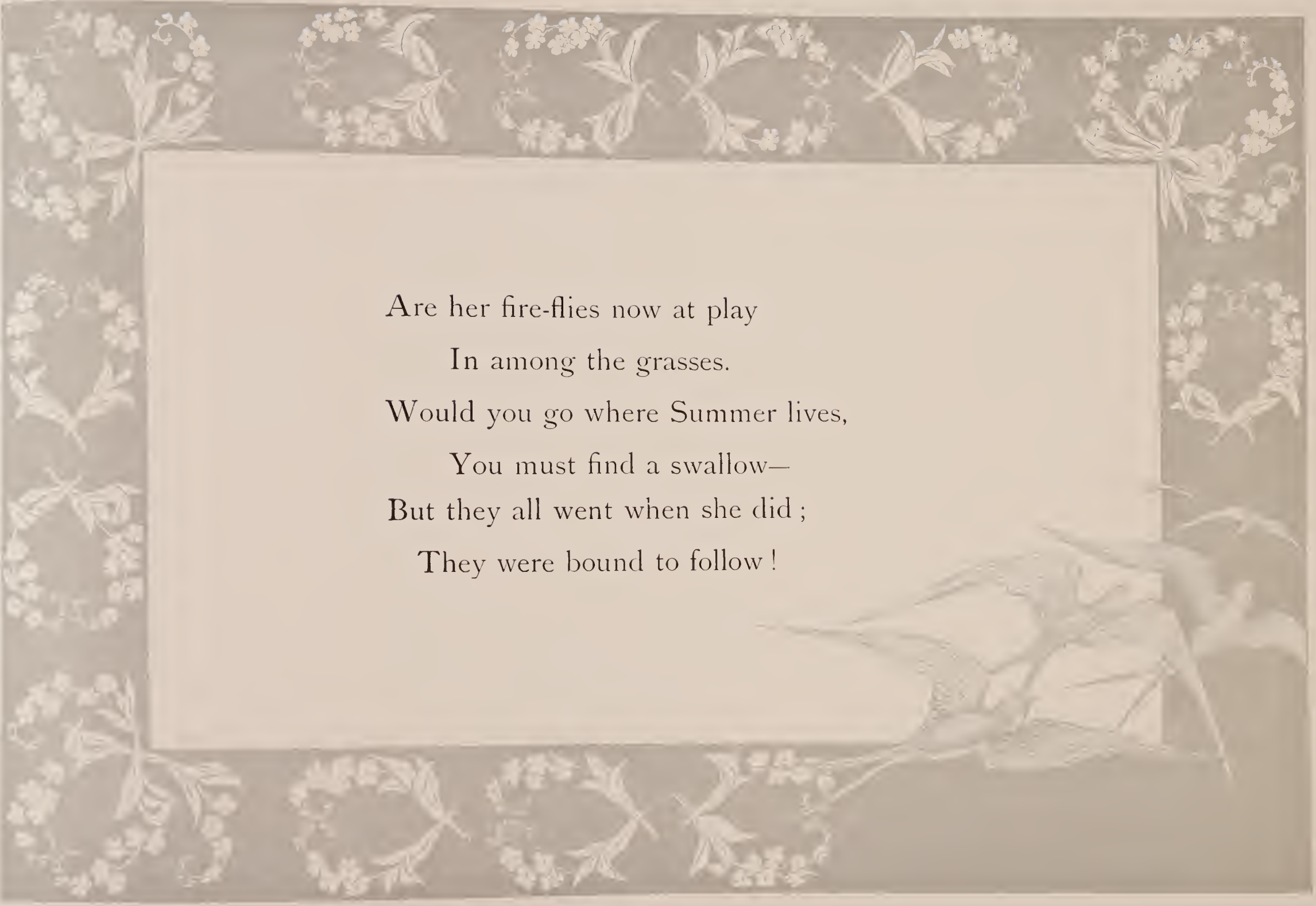


“Take this road to Summer !”

He knows places over there,
Where you see a blueness,

Are her dear for-get-me-nots
Big and bright with newness ;

And the flash and glow that come
When the sunlight passes



Are her fire-flies now at play
In among the grasses.
Would you go where Summer lives,
You must find a swallow—
But they all went when she did ;
They were bound to follow !

The Rainbow Chute

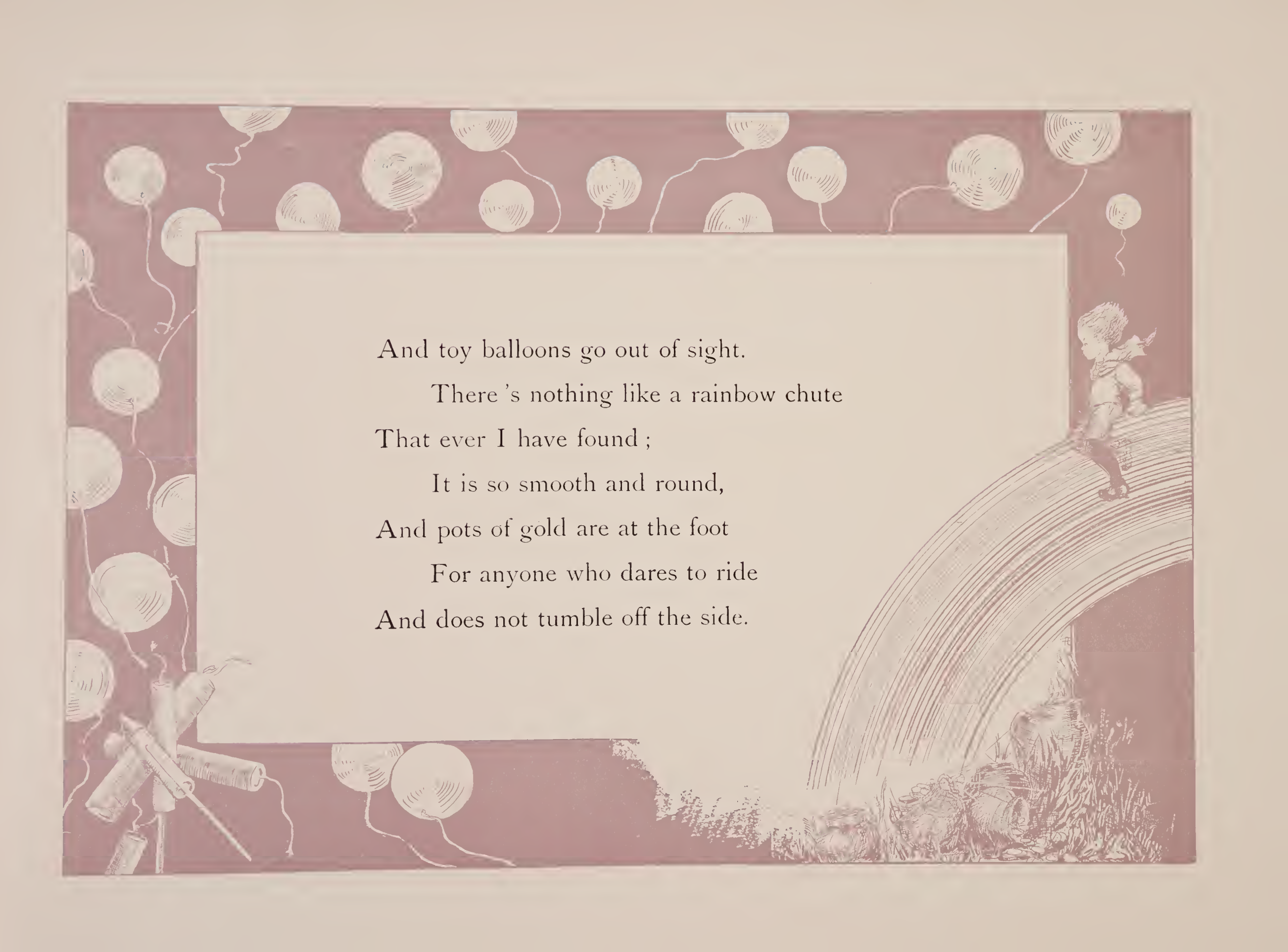
IT'S easy to go up the sky,
On toy balloons or rockets ;

With ballast in your pockets

You need not start too suddenly :
But if you want to come down right

They are no good at all,
For rockets only fall





And toy balloons go out of sight.

There 's nothing like a rainbow chute
That ever I have found ;

It is so smooth and round,
And pots of gold are at the foot
For anyone who dares to ride
And does not tumble off the side.

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